

Guard your tongues 'gainst leaking;
To you, young, I'm speaking!
Put a bolt before the door,
Let no evil word get o'er!
Let no evil word get o'er,
Put a bolt before the door!
To you, young, I'm speaking,
Guard your tongues 'gainst leaking!

Guard your eyes, moreover,
Free or under cover!
On the good reflecting eye,
Turn their glances from evil's way,
Turn their glances from evil's way,
On the good reflecting eye,
Free or under cover,
Guard your eyes, moreover!

Guard your ears securely,
They will fool you surely,
If you evil words let in,
It dishonors all within.
It dishonors all within
If you evil words let in,
They will fool you surely,
Guard your ears securely.

Guard the three forever,
'Gainst too free behavior,
Tongue, eyes, ears, are all inclined
To badness, and to evil blind.
To badness, and to evil blind,
Tongue, eyes, ears, are all inclined
'Gainst too free behavior,
Guard the three forever!

From the German.

BLUE SATIN BOOTS.

They had been sitting opposite each other some time in the street car, the shabby little girl with the soft black eyes, and Simon Holt, the young farmer from Ducktown, who has journeyed all the way to New York in search of a newly-patented plow, with which he proposes to experiment upon the arid soil of his native farm.

Ching! goes the car-bell, there is a movement among the passengers, and the shabby little girl is gone. But there on the seat is a brown parcel. Simon catches it up, rushes wildly from the car, and finds himself on a street corner, no shabby little girl in sight, and himself unexpectedly the possessor of a mysterious bundle, the contents of which he is ignorant, equally with the whereabouts of its owner.

For half an hour he goes up one street and down another, peering anxiously under the bonnet of every female he meets, in search of those black eyes. He is jeered at by small boys, who express their disgust at his brand-new coat, followed suspiciously by the policemen, comes near getting into a fight with an inebriated fellow-creature; and finally goes discontentedly back to his modest hotel on Fourth Avenue, the parcel still in his possession. Once in his room, he turns the little bundle over and over and upside down in search of an address, and finally bethinks himself of opening it. With the opening of the bundle Simon opens his eyes. His hard fingers have come in contact with something so soft and delicate; and there, disencumbered from their wrappings, stand the cunningest, nattiest, little pair of blue satin boots that ever were made. Simon scarcely dare touch them, for fear of soiling their delicate white embroidery, but he puts them on the table, where they incontinently tumble over. Then he rights them, and they poise themselves on their French heels and dainty toes, their spangles glisten, the silver fringe around the ankles dances and trembles, their tassels wave, and they look at Simon with a self-conceited, impudent sort of air, as much as to say, "Think what a pair of feet it ought to be that deserves to go in us!" Then Simon falls to wondering what on earth the shabby little girl could be doing with such a pair of boots as that. The problem is too much for him, and while he is still revolving it in his mind, his eyes light on a letter from his grandmother. And this is the way the letter runs:

"MY DEAR GRANDSON:—You are making your first visit to the great metropolis of your country. I hope you will enjoy the many wonderful and beautiful things it has to show; but remember, I entreat you, what St. Paul has said concerning the 'perils of the city.' Remember that where you are there are always snares set for the feet of the unwary. Beware of the seductions that encompass you. Let not the child of Christian parents, who are at rest with the Lord, suffer himself to be led astray. Always your loving grandmother, "PRISCILLA N. HOLT."

Simon looks at the boots, and absolutely blushes. He is thinking what Grandmother Holt would say to such an evidence of the pomps and vanities of this wicked world reposing on his table. At this moment one of the boots, as if resenting the thought, tumbles over, and then Simon sees inside the flap where the button-holes are the following address: "Miss Coralie Dumont, "No. ——— Worth Street."

Presto! Grandmother's letter goes flying under the bed, the boots are enveloped again in brown paper, and Simon is in the street. The policemen recognize him on the corner of Centre Street, and become quite certain the countrified-looking young man is "up to something queer," the small boys repeat their attentions, and Simon finds himself knocking at a dilapidated door on the third floor of a tenement-house in Worth street.

What a dismal little voice it is that says, "Come in!" Simon sees the black eyes again, streaming with tears this time. But they stop so quickly that he does not even get a chance to see who this new person becomes them, for Miss Coralie springs forward with a bound, the little French face lights up with ecstacy at the sight of the parcel, and Simon wishes that the business of life was returning blue satin boots to black-eyed owners. "The boots! the boots!" She has got the boots again; and then Miss Coralie proves beyond all peradventure that she does not know how to behave herself, for she seizes Simon's sun-

The Deaf-Blind's Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

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burned hand in her own little one and kisses it. And Simon—Wait until we have a whole new vocabulary of words, and I will tell you how Simon felt.

After this it did not take them long to get acquainted, and in less than two hours little Coralie has told Simon her whole history. First, there is Mrs. Muggins. Mrs. Muggins lives on the first floor, and she is the good-natured old "lady" (dare to call Mrs. Muggins anything but a "lady" and you will show at once your ignorance of social propriety in Worth Street) who has brought Coralie up ever since the broken-hearted mother died in the old tenement-house, and left her little daughter to the kind-hearted Irish woman's care. Then there is M. Alphonse. He lives in the top story, and is the third violin of Niblo's. In France he was a dancing master, and now he is teaching Coralie to dance, and she is going to make her debut in the new ballet in November. Then there is Papa Brown. He is employed at Jeffers'; so is his wife; and they have made the wonderful blue satin boots for Coralie to wear on that occasion, and it is quite certain no other dance will be so magnificently shod. But M. Alphonse is at home, and he must be introduced to the kind gentleman who has brought back the lost boots. So Coralie trips off, and Simon is left bewildered at the society into which he has fallen—a ballet dancer and a fiddler belonging to Niblo's Theatre. Now Simon knows very little about theatre, only that it is one of those snarls of Satan denounced by grandma; a sort of wilderness of sin which he has never liked to shock the old lady's prejudices by exploring.

Then M. Alphonse comes in, and Coralie trips off to tell the story of the boots to Mrs. Muggins. The little Frenchman beams enthusiastically upon Simon. "Ze leetle girl is scharm, delight, ze mieu ees so goot to fine ze boots." Then M. Alphonse, growing confidential, gives him some particulars of Coralie's simple story. If the simple-hearted Frenchman could have known what Simon's early education had taught him to think of the Teutonic art, he would never have given the young man such a pathetic history of his efforts to teach Coralie to dance. "An I can do nosing wit her, mieu. S'can not dance. No, Sair, not van bit." At this point M. Alphonse winks his hair and look positively wretched. But Coralie came in directly, and then the old man's face lighted up with pleasure, and somehow the reflection got into Simon's face; and when the small dancer in embryo made them a cup of coffee, three people in Worth Street were ridiculously happy, and all about nothing.

When Simon went home that night, he felt that his feet had wandered into strange places. And the worst of it was, his feet kept wandering there. The small boys got used to him, and when the policemen found they had no occasion to arrest him, they gradually assumed a friendly look. M. Alphonse began to play the part of chaplain with an anxious air, but Mrs. Muggins winked her eye, and said it was "all right."

So time went on until the night of Coralie's debut. Now Simon had never yet entered the theatre, but when Coralie purred and coaxed he consented to go. M. Alphonse procured him a little ticket that would admit him at the stage-door, and then he was to watch the ballet from the sides of the scenery until little Coralie had finished her part, when he and Mrs. Muggins were to bring her home. Thus it was that Simon found himself at a theatre, and not only that, but behind the scenes.

What Simon felt when he found himself among that wilderness of ropes and wood-work, how he blushed when he observed the curtailed nature of the attire worn by the coryphees, I cannot attempt to describe. But when Coralie executed a pirouette before him, and asked him "if she didn't look nice," his hair stood on end.

The music begins. The premier danseuse comes upon the scene and receives an enthusiastic welcome. Then she stands first on one toe and then on the other, and finally on both. Now she flies back and forth and round about, in waves and curves and circles, and jumps and springs and prances, until Simon feels every bone in his body ache in sympathy for her. At last the great lady had exhausted herself, and retired to the back of the stage to get her breath. Then the coryphees came forward, each one is to execute a little *pas seul*, and Coralie is the second on the list. The first one does her part creditably and falls back. Now comes Coralie. M. Alphonse grows pale in the orchestra, and grows to his mus-tache, "S'e can not dance, not van bit."

Nor does she. She bows to the audience and bows too low. The gauzy skirts descend to the foot-lights, a tiny jet of flame seizes upon them. Simon is the first to see the catastrophe. Quicker than thought he seizes a piece of canvas that once represented the forest of Dun-sinane, wraps it round the shrieking girl, rushes through the stage-door into the streets, and runs half a block before he knows what he is about.

Now there can be no more embarrassing situation in life to a bashful young man from the country than to stand in the middle of a crowded city street with a bundle in his arms consisting of a young

lady in tarlatan and tights, wrapped in a canvas forest, with two blue satin boots protruding from the trunk of a tree.

But Simon is a man of resources. A passing cab-man is soon hailed, and our countryman retires to the depths of the vehicle with his charge, while cabby grins and drives to Worth street. Then Simon makes a discovery that appals him. The whole world is shrouded in darkness because two black eyes refuse to open.

Very soon good Mrs. Muggins arrives, breathless, followed by M. Alphonse. The black eyes are opened by the use of a little salts of ammonia, and the debutante is suddenly scolded and put to bed.

"Vat sall I do! vat sall I do!" groans M. Alphonse. "S'e is goot for nosing—goot for nosing."

Now Simon begins to talk. He has evidently got something to say, but he blushes and stammers until M. Alphonse is nearly driven out of his senses. "Vat a fool a man ees who can not speak hees own language!" thinks the poor Frenchman. But Mrs. Muggins comes in, and her female intelligence springs to the root of the matter at once. In fact, she has seen it all along.

Two days later Simon writes a letter to grandma. Oh, wily Simon, what an amount of wickedness New York has taught you in two months! He is going to "bring a wife back with him to Ducktown." Then he tells grandma the name, and puts in a sort of collateral suggestion about the good old Huguenot families of France. Then he proceeds to insinuate to grandma that it is a very childish little woman he will bring back with him, and that she will need a good deal of patience and instruction from the good grandmother at the old farm.

Now grandma had always dreaded that her reign might come to an end when Simon's wife came to the homestead, and the idea of a simple little girl, in whose veins the blood of men and women who suffered and died for the Protestant faith, pleased the old lady, who would have been a gentle-hearted woman if so much of her life had not been an anxious endeavor to discover and thwart the wiles of Satan.

Coralie was now perfectly happy. She did not have to stand on her toes while M. Alphonse scolded. There was nothing to do but run about Central Park with Simon, while Mrs. Muggins made purchases of dismal-looking dry-goods, and had them made up so plainly that, when Mr. and Mrs. Simon Holt finally got into a railroad car bound for Ducktown, the bride might have been mistaken for a Quakeress.

Fully two years after these events the investigating fingers of an irrepressible baby pulled a blue satin boot from the depths of a bureau drawer at the old farm-house at Ducktown. Grandma could not believe her eyes, and when she measured the length with a certain pair of shoes belonging to Mr. Simon, her consternation knew no bounds. Then the whole story came out. But what could be done! Coralie had been a faithful little member of the great Congregational church for a whole year, and Simon explained to grandma that she had never danced at a theatre, only tried to do so, and set herself on fire. She was "a brand plucked from the burning," you see. On this view grandma could be reconciled. But who did the plucking? Simon thought he did it; but Coralie laid her little hand on the great Bible and said it was "grandma."

But what was to be done with the blue satin boots? Alas! they were to be sacrificed. A great fire was made in the kitchen, and the holocaust was prepared. Simon protested, but all in vain. Only when the gorgeous little boots were laid on the flames, one tassel was missing. It certainly did seem a pity to destroy so much beauty; but Coralie insisted, and Simon lay down on the old kitchen floor and watched the flames arise. When the last spangle had disappeared, he gathered two little shoes into his great hands, and though it was a very undignified proceeding, I must confess that he kissed them.

Now I think the holocaust was the right thing to do; for if the blue satin boots are not a gratification of the "sinful lusts of the flesh," what are they? But that one tassel still exists, and it goes to church every Sunday in the breast pocket of Simon's best coat.—*Harper's Bazar.*

An intimate friend of Professor Agassiz once expressed his wonder that a man of such abilities as he (Agassiz) possessed should remain contented with such a moderate income. "I have enough," was Agassiz's reply. "I have not time to make money. Life is not sufficiently long to enable a man to get rich and do his duty to his fellowmen at the same time."

In the old days there were angels who came and took men by the hand and led them away from the city of destruction. We see no white-winged angels now. But yet men are led away from threatening destruction; a hand is put into theirs which leads them forth toward a calm and bright land, so that they look no more backward; and the hand may be a little child's.—*George Eliot.*

The Governor's Message.

The annual message which Governor Tilden sent yesterday to the Legislature is a lengthy but instructive and interesting document. In reviewing the financial condition of the State, which he does very fully, he brings into prominence principles which are too often disregarded. Thus, in suggesting a revision of the operations of the sinking fund, he says, "the best investment, certainly the safest for a State, as for an individual, is in the payment of its own debts, if that be upon reasonable terms. Individuals seldom find easy credit anything but a snare; State never. A large mass of cash on hand, even if in sinking funds, tempts to improvident expenditure and to illegitimate use." The beneficial nature of the Constitutional restriction imposed thirty years ago on the power of the State Government in contracting debt is demonstrated by the rapid reduction of State indebtedness, which, in 1846, amounted to \$24,000,000 and is now only somewhat over \$10,000,000. If a similar check had then been imposed upon cities, the tax-payers of this city would not now be enduring such heavy burdens. He shows that the one million and three-quarters now required for the bounty debt will be unnecessary in 1877, and he points out in detail that it is possible to lessen greatly the expenditures for State prisons, the quarantine establishment, and the salt works, and to that end he invites the co-operation of the Legislature.

The condition of the canal of the State is elaborately treated; but his own share in securing reform is very modestly and indirectly introduced. There are no fulminations against the ring which he had the firmness to attack and the skill to break. The policy with regard to the economical management of the canals and against those who have defrauded the State, is thus quietly and sharply outlined: "The primary object is to reform the system and to establish every possible security against the recurrence of the evils. While security for the future is of transcendent importance, indemnity for the past is to be sought. Civil and criminal redress is to be enforced." These are the sober, well-weighed words of a man determined to effect his purpose.

The expenditures for the new capitol at Albany justly invoke the censure of the Governor. Already about six millions have been sunk in that edifice. There is no certainty whatever about its ultimate cost, and this will not be known until the commission appointed to ascertain the fact have presented their report.

But lavish expenditure upon public edifices does not end there. At present there are in course of construction (three asylums for the insane and a reformatory, on which \$3,319,547 have been laid out, but the total cost is yet a matter of conjecture. The Governor estimates it as double the amount already appropriated. He very pertinently says that an outlay of \$25,000 for five persons in need of public charity is unreasonable and extravagant; and he inquires with a force that will be generally felt: "How many poor families of laborious and thrifty producers can afford to live in a house costing \$25,000?" Besides this economical argument against such wasteful structures, he might have adduced the opinion of those skilled in mental diseases, that the massing of the insane in large buildings exclusively devoted to them greatly hinders their improvement or recovery.

Our State prisons, the Governor rightly considers, should be self-supporting. Instead of that, \$545,549 had been required to make up the excess of expenditures over the earnings last year of the Auburn, Sing Sing, and Clinton prisons. He recommends a thorough inquiry regarding the management of these institutions, and if the Legislature acts upon his advice, some startling developments will result. An investigation of the Onondaga salt springs is also advised, and clearly not before time.

In alluding to the necessity of disbanding some of the regiments of the National Guards, he expresses his share of the sense of sacrifice of personal associations and of patriotic memories involved.

He says that the character of the education in the higher educational institutions of the State has been strengthened and elevated; the statistics of the common schools are merely given. No mention has been made of the attempts of the Roman Catholics to obtain a division of the school funds. This will have the effect of inducing the belief that Governor Tilden underestimates the importance of the school question, with its larger issue, that of Church and State. He simply says that the policy of this State, as established by the recent Constitutional amendment, relating to the public schools, has been and is to be obeyed and executed in good faith.

The manner in which the Grey Nuns Act is disposed of is hardly satisfactory. If the act, as the Governor says, gave nothing to the sisterhood, and insisted upon no additional extension of the functions of the State Superintendent of Instruction, why did the Governor sign a useless bill? He further says that all

discretionary power of the Superintendent in granting certificates was abrogated by the act of June 9th. For all that the Governor has stated, those who desire the common schools to be unsectarian will insist upon the early repeal of the Grey Nuns Act.

The Centennial Exhibition is briefly alluded to in favorable terms. The State census and its importance find mention. The savings banks are dealt with fully, and new guards against abuses are recommended. He points out also that the magnitude of the amounts invested in life and other insurance companies shows the importance of protecting the interests of policy-holders. A startling arraignment is made of the expenses of the national government; and he mentions as probable that the waste of such expenditure "in the eleven years since the war, amounts to at least as much as our present national debt."

With great perspicuity Governor Tilden examines the national financial situation, and gives his hard-money views the fullest expression. Except in a few points, this message of Governor Tilden is equal to the highest expectations his friends could have entertained.—*N. Y. Witness.*

Death in the Dishcloth.

A lady says in the Rural World that during this month and next, when some of you are sure to be down with typhoid fever; when neighbors are neglecting their own work to nurse you; when doctors are hunting cellars and old drains for the cause, let me whisper in your ear—look to your dishcloths. If they be black and stiff and smell like a "bone-yard," it is enough—throw them in the fire, and thenceforth and forever wash your dishes with cloths that are white, cloths that you can see through, and see if you ever have that disease again. There are sometimes other causes, but I have smelled a whole household of fever in one "dish-rag." I had some neighbors—clever, good sort of folks; one Fall four of them were sick at one time with typhoid fever. The doctors ordered the vinegar barrels whitewashed, and threw about four cents worth of carbolic acid in the will-pail and departed. I went in to the kitchen to make gruel—I needed a dishcloth and looking about I found several, and such "rags!" I burned them all, and called the daughter of the house to get me a dishcloth. She looked about on the table; "Why," said she, "there was about a dozen here this morning," and she looked in the wood-box and on the mantelpiece, and felt in the dark corner of the cupboard. "Well," I said, "I saw some old, black, rotten rags lying round and I burned them, for there is death in such dishcloths as those, and you must never use such again." I "took turns" at nursing that family four weeks, and I believe those dirty dishcloths were the cause of all this hard work.

Vaults at Rome.

The Inquisition at Rome has recently been thrown open to the public, and the men are engaged in digging into the vaults beneath. The correspondent of a London paper went down a flight of steps, which had just been cleared of old rubbish, and where the workmen were laying bare a series of dungeons beneath the vaults. In one place he saw five skeletons of people who had been walled up in masonry over a century and a half ago, but the most suggestive and terrible discovery was a vault full of skulls and shattered human remains. From this vault there was a shaft of about four feet square, ascending perpendicularly to the first floor of the building and ending in a passage off the hall of the chancery, where a trap door lay between the tribunal and the way into a suite of rooms destined for one of the officials. The ground of the vault was made up of decayed animal matter, a lump of which held imbedded in it a long silken lock of hair, as he found by personal examination as it was shoveled up from below. But that was not all; there were two large subterranean furnaces or vaults, shaped like a beehive, in masonry, filled with layers of calcined bones, forming the substratum lying directly beneath two other chambers on the ground floor in the immediate vicinity of the very mysterious shaft above mentioned.

RURAL BEAUTY.—If I have no coaches or horses I can at least hang a tracery of vine-leaves along my porch, so exquisite and delicate that no sculptor can match it; if I have no conservatory with its wonders, yet the sun and I together can build a tangled copse of some blooming things in my dooryard, of which every tiny leaflet shall be a miracle. Nay, I can make my home, however small it may be, so complete in its simplicity, so fitted to its offices, so governed by neatness, so embowered by a wealth of leaves and flowers, that no riches in the world can add to it without damaging its rural grace, and my gardeners—sunshine, frost and flowers are their names—shall work for me with no crusty reluctance, but with an abandon and a zeal that ask only gratitude for it.—*Donald G. Mitchell.*

Wedding Anecdotes.

When the collector of rare and curious specimens of insects, and flowers, and minerals, finds new objects of interest, he sticks a pin in them, or puts them in alcohol, or labels them, and then sits down to count his collection, and see what he has actually gathered. In the same way we may stick pins in the experiences of life, and thus collect a museum of rare specimens. The present collection of wedding anecdotes are specimens of eccentricities at this trying hour that have come across the writer's path. We see plenty of curious epitaphs in cemeteries; let us look at some wedding scenes as strange as any of these: "A young clergyman, at the first wedding he ever had, thought it was a very good time to impress upon the couple before him the solemnity of the act."

"I hope, Dennis," he said to the coachman, with his license in his hand, "you have well considered this solemn step in life."

"I hope so, your reverence," answered Dennis.

"It's a very important step you're taking, Mary," said the minister.

"Yes, sir, I know it is," replied Mary, whimpering. "Perhaps we had better wait a while."

"Perhaps we had, your reverence," chimed in Dennis.

The minister, hardly expecting such a personal application of his exhortation, and seeing the five-dollar note vanishing before his eyes, betook himself to a more cheerful aspect of the situation, and said—

"Yes, of course, it's solemn and important, you know, but it's a very happy time, after all, when people love each other. Shall we go on with the service?"

"Yes, your reverence," they both replied, and they were soon made one in the bonds of matrimony, and that young minister is now very careful how he brings on the solemn view of marriage to timid couples.

A party came to a clergyman's house one evening to be married. Everything went on harmoniously until the woman came to the word obey in the service. Here a bawky scene ensued.

"Never—never!" she said. "I did not know that word was in the service, and I will never say it!"

"Oh, dear," remonstrated her partner, "do not make trouble now. Just say it—say it, even if you don't mean it. Say it for my sake—for your dear John's sake!"

"Never—never!" insisted the high-spirited dame. "I will not say what I do not mean, and I do not mean to obey. You must go on, sir," she added to the clergyman, "without that word."

"That is impossible, madam," replied the minister. "I cannot marry you unless you promise to love, cherish and obey your husband."

"Wont you leave us for a little while together?" interceded the young man. "I think I can manage her after a while."

So the minister went back to his study and wrote on his sermon for an hour and a half, and finally, at a quarter before ten o'clock, there—

—came a tapping—
As of some one gently rapping,"

and the mild-mannered Benedict informed the parson that at last, after a long wrestling of spirit, his dear Jane had consented to say obey. But how that compromise was brought about, no one ever knew. I have often heard this same clergyman relate how, after a wedding ceremony on one occasion, which occurred in his own parlor, the husband whispered to his brand-new bride, as they approached the door, "Mary, have you got any small change?"—*Yankee Blade.*

Beauties of African Forests.

Nature is so prodigal of her charms, the European sees but little of them, for to loiter in the wooded solitudes means sickness and perhaps death. The beauty of an African forest cannot be described. Gigantic trees, with buttresses seven or eight feet in thickness, tower far above the feeble frondage of the palm and bamboo; creeping plants of the most delicate tracery, and covered with flowers of every hue, entwine each tree and bush; birds of bright colored plumage dash before the eyes, and the shrill cry of the parrot and the never-ceasing chirrup of the grasshopper alone wake the stillness of the woods. There is an everlasting twilight in African forests; the air is cool, and the perfumes of a thousand flowers invite the passerby to seek a shelter from the burning rays of the sun. But the air, though cool, is also heavy and moist, and emits an odor of decaying vegetable matter; and at night thin white mist forms gradually, spectre-like, from every hollow and dell, till the whole landscape is effaced. This is the malaria.—*Good Words.*

People, like plants, grow pale and puny if the sun is shut out. Good health is the sunshine of the body; a cheery disposition is the sunshine of the soul.

It is better to live in a little, mean, two-story frame house than in a jail. It is a good thing, when you are talking of another man's defalcation, to make sure that you could have handled as much, with like opportunity for dishonesty, and not fallen before your temptation. It doesn't do to worry about what would happen to your wife if you were taken away; she may get a better husband. If you are wondering what makes your former schoolmate's hair so gray, or what makes such a one so wrinkled, or why such another one is getting so stout, just take a look in the glass. Do not imagine that because you have resolved to practice charity and to speak well of everybody, that everybody has made the same resolution regarding you. If you are heart sick with regret that you were not more tender and thoughtful regarding the dead ones you have lost, just try to avoid further repentance in the future by being good to those still left to you. Do not put off enjoyment. If you are not ready it won't come. Planning to enjoy friends and fortune in the future, is an insecure investment; the chances are woefully few that you, your friends, and the fortune will all come together in the future. If you have any goods deeds to do, or happiness to enjoy, to-day is the time. It is only when we are arguing ourselves into the committing of some acts where we believe the end will not justify the means that it pays to wait till to-morrow.—*Ex.*

On a Kentucky rapid transit line, recently, a passenger stopped the brakeman as he was going through, and asked: "How fast does this train go? A mile an hour?" "It goes fast enough to suit us. If you don't like the rate of speed, get out and walk," was the rejoinder. "I would," replied the disgruntled passenger, sitting back in the corner of his seat, "but my friends won't come for me until the train gets in, and I don't want to be waiting around the depot for two or three hours." The brakeman passed on.

"My son," said a dying grocer to his probable successor to the business, "never put sand in the sugar. Cherish a reputation for fair and honorable dealing with your fellow men, and use terra alba instead; it's quite as heavy and don't grit on the teeth."

A Harvard professor went down to one of the beaches of the New England coast to bathe, one stormy day, but the man in charge refused to let him go in on account of the dangerous swell. On his way back he expressed his disappointment and indignation to the driver of the omnibus. "Well, I'll tell you how it is," said the driver, "we don't like to have strangers come down here and get drowned. It hurts the beach!"

It was in Omaha. A lawyer was addressing the Judge, and the Judge was eating peanuts and reading a novel. The lawyer bore it for some time, and then angrily remarked: "I suppose I'm entitled to claim the attention of this court." "Well, sir," retorted the Judge, "the court has long suspected you and will do its duty the first chance it gets."

Every saint in heaven is a flower in the garden of God, and holy love is the fragrance and sweet odor they all send forth, and with which they fill the bowers of the paradise above.—*Jonathan Edwards.*

A strange minister officiated at a suburban pulpit last Sunday, and among the notices to be read was one requesting the ladies to send in refreshments for the cafe of a fair, which was to be held during the week. The clergyman innocently read it "refreshments for the calf," and the audience tittered.

A Richmond man bought some clothes so as to be in readiness for the funeral of his mother, who was supposed to be dying; but she recovered, and he returned the apparel, claiming that the purchase was conditional. The merchant refused to take back the goods, and has been sued for the money paid for them.

From one end of the Laramie plains to the other the track of the Union Pacific Railroad has been raised, the cuts have been widened, and fifty miles of fence built, besides several miles of snow shed. Little interruption of travel is anticipated this winter.

A man whom Dr. Chalmers engaged to manage a disorderly Sunday-school kept his eyes wide open during prayer, and when one boy thrust a pin into another, he marched up the aisle, still praying, and euffed that boy's ears, and went back again, praying all the way. After that he was master of the situation, for the boys thought that a man who could watch and pray like that could not be put down.

"Pa, are you in favor of the Bible in public schools?" asked a West side youngster at the breakfast table the other morning. "Why, of course I am," responded the father, pleased that such an important subject should engage the attention of his youthful offspring. "What makes you ask such a question, my son?" "O, nothing," rejoined young hopeful; "only I thought maybe you wasn't, as you never had one at home." The urchin dodged, but he wasn't quick enough.

Mr. W. S. Williams, of Illinois, announces that "his wife, Ann Eliza, having left his bed and board without cause, he will not be responsible for any debts she may contract."

Ann Eliza, Ann Eliza, Once I loved but now despise her, And as I no longer prize her, I will go and advertise her, For, although I'm not a miser, won't pay for what she buys her.

A Little Talk With Jesus.

A little talk with Jesus, how it smooths the rugged road;
How it seems to help me onward when I faint beneath my load.
When my heart is crushed with sorrow, and my eyes with tears are dim,
There's naught can yield me comfort like a little talk with Him.

I tell Him I am weary, and I fain would be at rest,
That I am daily, hourly longing for a home upon His breast;
And He answers me so sweetly, in tones of tenderest love—
"I am coming soon to take thee to my happy home above."

Ah! this is what I'm wanting, His lovely face to see;
And I'm not afraid to say it I know He's waiting me.
He gave His life a ransom to make me all His own,
And He can't forget His promise, to me His purchased one.

I know the way is dreary to yonder far-off clime,
But a little talk with Jesus will wile away the time;
And yet the more I know Him, and all His grace explore,
It only sets me longing to know Him more and more.

I cannot live without Him nor would I if I could;
He is my daily portion, my medicine, and my food.
He's altogether lovely, none can with Him compare,
The chief among ten thousand, the fairest of the fair.

So I'll wait a little longer, till His appointed time;
And glory in the knowledge that such a hope is mine;
Then in my Father's dwelling where "many mansions be,"
I'll sweetly talk with Jesus, and He shall talk with me.

The Sign Language.

At the risk of being voted a bore for agitating a subject which has received so much attention from the leading minds of our profession, we feel constrained to give a short sketch of "what we know about" sign-making—what it is and what it isn't. Not that we have anything new to say, or that our opinion has more weight than that of those who have already given the matter their attention; but to draw out an expression of views from others and so arrive, eventually, at a just conception of what is truth and what is error—what is useful and what is of no importance.

First, then, it is essentially an undeveloped language, and must of necessity ever remain so; that is, if we would get the greatest possible good out of it as a medium of instruction, for the same reason that a boat is better adapted to the crossing of a small stream than a ship, inasmuch as it can more readily be made available. At the same time, it is possible, by a proper union of elements, to express any idea whatever; and the power to so unite these elements should be a prerequisite to admission into the responsible position of a teacher of deaf-mutes. The language, in fact, as we find it, might be compared to a supply of crude material from which different workmen were drawing as their several necessities demanded—neither having the right to command the other as to what quantity or quality he should draw, and the skill of each being determined by the character of the finished work he turned out. They might pursue different roads to reach the same object and yet each attain it well with the other. Nor does it matter if, as a late writer in the *Goodson Gazette* asserts, different signs prevail in the various institutions; for though localism and idiomatic expressions are met with here and there, the essential elements of the language are the same the world over, and any one conversant with these can analyze any new sign he may see and thus find out its meaning, even though he have never seen it before. This writer proposes a discussion of the sign-language in order to an adjustment of the differences which exist. This, it seems to us, would be productive of little good, especially if only the signs for simple words like his models, *man, woman, explain, sorry, repent*, etc., were given and the harder ones left unmentioned.

"This passing strange that a teacher of 'charity years' experience" should have overlooked the fact that the same word may have a dozen different signs according to connection and meaning. This in our opinion is an insurmountable barrier to anything like a perfect dictionary of signs. Take for instance the word *have* in its different offices. *Mr. A. has a cow* means he possesses a cow, while *Mr. A. has my cow* simply asserts that he is keeping her. Again, *Mr. B. has to work hard* means that he is obliged to work hard, and *A. had B. to make a wagon* informs us that A. gave orders to that effect and that B. obeyed them, while "I will not *have* you insult me thus" is equal to "I will not *allow* you to," etc. This is only one case of a thousand which might be cited.

Moreover, every teacher of experience knows there are many words for which it would be impossible to make single signs that would convey their full meaning. Take *humble* for example. The above-mentioned writer says in order to express this sign, "press the back of the right thumb on the lips, then bring both hands down, fingers extended and palms downward." This sign would do very well for *humble* after the pupil had once grasped the idea; but to give him this idea, at first, it would be necessary to show what *humble* was and then by comparison to teach the opposite. We maintain that the signs, *proud, none*, would be just as appropriate.

If the teachers of the various institutions wish to make themselves useful to deaf-mutes and young teachers, they might note and publish the actual difficulties met with in teaching written language and how they are overcome.

Here is where our greatest skill is brought into requisition, not in teaching isolated words, but in enabling our pupils to frame words into correct sentences. The most perfect sign-maker we ever knew (a teacher at that) could not write a short letter without making numerous mistakes, while others who did not and could not boast of their signs, were masters of grammar and could read or write anything they pleased.

Graceful sign-making is an accomplishment, and in the hands of a wise man can be turned to good account; we have known teachers, however, who so prided themselves on their beautiful signs and put on so many airs in making them as to blur, disfigure, and sometimes almost destroy every idea they would present. If the pupils were asked after hearing such a lecture, what was said, they would say that they could remember nothing.

In conclusion, we may compare the sign-language to a pole, and written language to a peach upon the top of a tree; it doesn't matter how rough this pole is or how crooked it may be, provided it is both long and strong enough, and it is in hands capable of wielding it successfully.

AMICUS LINGUAE SCRIPTAE.

Oregon Institution Notes.

Three weeks ago upwards of twenty pupils were down with typhoid fever, and one is still dangerously ill and her recovery is almost hopeless. Some of those who have recovered sufficiently to travel, have left for their homes. The Board of Directors have deemed it advisable to discontinue the school until after the holidays. Mrs. Gray, the former matron, finding it desirable to remove her family to a private residence tendered her resignation. Mrs. Frank Cooper is the present matron, and she is doing all she can for the sick, and under her careful nursing they are all improving.

GUILLEMO.
Salem, Oregon, Dec. 20th, 1875.

Deaf-mute Service at Potsdam.

POTSDAM, N. Y., Jan. 5th, 1875.
On Thursday, the 30th ult., the Rev. G. C. Pennell, S. T. D., Archdeacon of the Convocation of Ogdensburg, visited the Parish of Trinity Church, Potsdam, for the purpose of instructing a number of deaf-mutes called together for the occasion by the Rector, Rev. M. R. Howard. This church has, recently, under the authority of the Bishop of the Diocese, been made the centre of work among the deaf-mutes of Northern New York. On the previous evening, the interpreter met the mutes for private instruction with a special view to preparing them for the Holy Communion, which was administered on Thursday morning to several of the mutes and a goodly number of the communicants of the Parish. Three of the mutes were also baptized. On the same evening, the interpreter delivered an able and very instructive lecture to ears as well as eyes, on the work among deaf-mutes, their language, etc. We were all greatly interested in it and the whole series of services and shall look forward with pleasant anticipations to the next visit of the Archdeacon, which will be in February.

POTSDAM.

Letter from Geneva.

MR. EDITOR:—I made up my mind to stop work on New Year's day and make a visit to Mr. C. Cuddeback, who lives nine miles north of here. I walked the whole distance and was very tired when I arrived at his house, at 12:30 p. m. I was disappointed to find that both Mr. Cuddeback and his wife were absent from home. The oldest daughter, however, invited me to stay to dinner, which invitation I accepted, and enjoyed the feast very much. After dinner I took another walk of one and a half miles when I reached the house of Mr. George M. Cross. I there found a small party of deaf-mutes, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Cuddeback, Mr. and Mrs. Garbrandt and Mr. and Mrs. George M. Cross. They were much pleased to see me and made many inquiries in regard to our friends in Geneva, in relation to their health and business. Our time was spent very pleasantly in each other's society, rehearsing old stories and the scenes of gone-by days. On Monday, Mr. Cuddeback was going to Lyons on business and he invited me to accompany him in taking the ride. While he was doing some trading at a store, I strolled down to the railroad depot, where I was fortunate enough to catch a glimpse of the fast mail train, which goes thundering over the road at the repeated speed of sixty miles per hour, throwing out mail bags and snatching others from the hooks as it flies past the stations. I was struck with wonder at beholding the four new rails, which, I was informed, have been laid from Albany to Buffalo, making two double tracks the entire distance, owned and controlled by the New York Central and Hudson River Railroad Company. So extensive has their passenger and freight business become that it requires eight rails to accommodate their numerous trains.

On the first day of January, it was just seventeen years since I left Lyons. As may be inferred the village had undergone many changes in those years and there were lots of new sights for me. Mr. Cuddeback having finished his business we returned home.

Mr. Francis Marion Tuttle is doing some fine and artistic painting for several wealthy gentlemen and ladies in this vicinity.

I can assure you that we are all deeply interested in the great improvements which you are ever making in your valuable JOURNAL. I think it excels all other deaf-mute papers now published.

I have been working hard and regularly through the hard times for the past two years.

CHRISTIAN KREBS.
Geneva, N. Y., Jan. 10, 1876

The Central New York Institution.

The holiday vacation is over, and the old working day has come round. We are all here. Every pupil seems glad to get back, and there has been little delay in the return and no tears shed for parting with friends. Our third building has been fitted up, and is very pleasant inside. What would be called the parlor, were this a private residence, has been utilized by Prof. S. as his school-room; it is also the institution chapel, and boys' study-room. To the right, a door opens into the principal's office, and both rooms communicate with the school-room of the advanced class, and this with a third school-room directly in the rear. This is a very convenient arrangement for visitors and others desiring to inspect the classes. Such of the boys as lodge in the building have an airy and comfortable dormitory. The girls occupy rooms by themselves, and during the vacation these have been rendered more comfortable and attractive by the judicious arrangement and addition of carpets and furniture. We have a pleasant room, which we call the Institution Studio, and here our class in painting takes daily lessons. The display of skill and general improvement is very gratifying. One of the pupils succeeded in completing a picture in time to make a Christmas present of it to his father; the others were not so fortunate, but are getting along so finely that several interesting specimens will soon grace the walls of the Studio, and before vacation every available nail will have its pendant.

Our report is out, and is well worth a reading, though the JOURNAL readers have been so well posted on institution matters, that its perusal would be for them little more than a review.

Principal Johnson returned yesterday from New York and Albany, where weighty affairs have demanded his attention. We are just entering another Legislative year, and business connected therewith takes precedence of all other.

C. S. M.

Rome, N. Y., Jan. 10th, 1876.

The Indiana Institution.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE TRUSTEES AND SUPERINTENDENT TO THE GOVERNOR—THE INVESTIGATION OF THE PAST YEAR—CONDITION OF THE INSTITUTION, AND STATEMENT OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES.

(From the Indianapolis Journal, Dec. 31, 1875.)

The thirty-second annual report of the Trustees and Superintendent of the Indiana Institution for the Education of the Deaf and Dumb, for the year ending October 31, 1875, was filed with the Governor yesterday. The trustees are Drs. P. H. Jameson, Jesse R. Brown and M. James; superintendent, Thomas MacIntire. We present below an abstract of the reports:

TRUSTEES' REPORT.

Following the usual introductory remarks, the report of the trustees refers to the present excellent condition of the school, stating that the number of pupils in attendance at this time is greater than ever before; that among them good order and attention to their studies prevail; and that at no time in the history of the institution has a greater degree of prosperity been enjoyed by it than at present. The report further states that in all the expenditures for the support of the institution due economy has been exercised, and that the appropriations made by the last Legislature for current expenses, though somewhat less than the amount estimated, will probably be sufficient to meet all demands till the first of April, 1877, excepting the matters of repairs and refurnishing, which will in the main have to be postponed, and for which an extra appropriation may have to be made in future. A large portion of the trustees' report consists of a review of the proceedings of the investigations which have taken place during the past year, and concerning which the public is already well informed, as the full details were quite recently published. The report states that during the past year, and just at the close of the session of the last Legislature, a communication, signed with a fictitious name, charging the superintendent with immorality and official misconduct, was presented to the House of Representatives. Notwithstanding the anonymous character of this communication, that body received it and ordered an investigation upon it, to be made by the board of trustees and two commissioners to be appointed by the Governor. The appointment was made and a thorough investigation was entered into. The writer of the paper could not be found, although advertised for in the city papers. The committee, however, entered upon an examination of the charges, but after the fullest investigation they could find nothing in the slightest degree sustaining them, and were constrained to report them, in effect, as wholly false and malicious. This investigation took place last March.

The report of the trustees further states that in May following, John E. Fawcner being under indictment for an infamous outrage committed upon his niece, a pupil of the institution, of which he had first been accused in the February preceding, renewed the attack upon Thomas MacIntire, the superintendent, and also on Ezra G. Valentine, one of the teachers, charging them with the grossest immorality, and demanding their removal. They replied, utterly denying each and all the charges, and demanding a thorough investigation. The board at once proceeded to the investigation, which was public, and lasted, with little interruption, from the 8th of June till the 25th of August following. The report then alludes to the large facility afforded by the board for procuring testimony and to the expenses necessarily incurred on the part of the trustees on account of summoning witnesses from various parts of the State, and employing the services of a secretary and stenographic reporter, and also of an attorney

to decide upon the legal points raised in the case by the attorneys of the prosecution and defense. The remarks in regard to the investigation then conclude with a reference to the decision of the board, which was made at the conclusion of the same, and which, it will be remembered, acquitted both the superintendent, Mr. Thos. MacIntire, and the instructor, Mr. Ezra G. Valentine, holding all the charges against these gentlemen to be wholly untrue and unfounded.

SUPERINTENDENT'S REPORT.

The superintendent's report is taken up with a statement of the details of the internal affairs of the institution.

The attendance the past year has been as follows:

Number of pupils last session,	291
New pupils admitted this term,	50
Whole number instructed,	341
Number discharged during the year,	46
Number remaining Nov. 1, 1875,	295

It is stated that the institution is now filled to its full capacity, and that the number of beneficiaries cannot be increased without an increase of accommodations.

The dreadful effects of deafness upon the intellectual and moral nature, together with the difficulties to be met in communicating to the deaf and dumb a knowledge of our language, are fully and ably set forth. The superintendent remarks that it is hardly possible for those who have not been brought in immediate contact with the uneducated deaf and dumb, to fully conceive the extent of the misfortune, and the difficulty of removing it.

No changes have taken place in the corps of instructors, they remaining the same as last year. They are highly commended for their ability, zeal and fidelity in the performance of all their duties.

The financial condition of the institution is exhibited in the following schedule of receipts and disbursements on account of the different departments in the institution:

On account of current expenses—Receipts—	
From balance in treasury unexpended	\$26,162 30
November 1, 1874,	
From appropriations for the year ending March 31, 1876,	60,000 00
Total,	\$86,162 30

Disbursements,	\$7,474 50
Balance unexpended November 1, 1875,	\$28,687 80
On account of sewers—No disbursements.	
Balance on hand,	3,000 00
On account of clothing—	
Receipts,	2,758 76
Disbursements,	2,758 76
On account of the shops, farm and garden—	
Receipts,	6,314 60
Disbursements,	6,095 00
Balance on hand,	\$ 219 60

From the preceding statement of accounts it will be seen that the manual labor department of the institution has been as prosperous in a pecuniary point of view as in any former year. The profits of the work of the pupils in the shops have more than paid the expense of their support.

Considering this part of the education of the pupils as very important, as much attention is given to it as is consistent with their intellectual culture. An increased difficulty is found in maintaining this department from the fact that almost all the pupils now enter school at ten or eleven, and are almost ready to leave school before they are old enough to engage in regular manual labor. Fully two-thirds of the pupils are now under fifteen years of age. The largest part of the time allotted to study is past before they are old enough to begin to learn a trade.

The report contains much other valuable matter of interest to the friends of the institution, which we would be glad to publish had we sufficient space. The law providing for the clothing of indigent pupils and the rules and regulations for the admission of pupils are published with this report.

The report of the librarian, Mr. E. G. Valentine, referred to in the Superintendent's report, and appended to it, is an interesting document, in which the history, character and importance of the library is fully noted. The library now contains over 3,000 volumes, and is presumed to be larger and more valuable than that of any similar institution in the country. A list of newspapers and magazines which have been sent gratuitously to the institution the past year, and for which due thanks are rendered, is given in this report.

—On Friday last Deacon Charles Wheeler was quite badly injured. He was at work in the woods chopping timber, and while descending to strike a blow, the ax caught in some twigs, and threw it out of line, and it struck Mr. Wheeler's right foot, cutting through it, making a gash an inch and a half in width on the bottom of his foot. At latest accounts Mr. Wheeler was doing as well as could be expected, and we hope he will soon be on our streets again, and that during the long and wearisome days of his illness he will be cheered by the presence of friends and neighbors.

—An exchange comes out with the following call upon its subscribers: "A Happy New Year to all who pay their subscriptions promptly. Those in arrears for one or more years are not happy, and never can be in this world or the next, unless they repent and pay up. Giving to the missionaries will not save you so long as you owe the printer. We can tell by a glance at our books those who intend to go to Heaven. There is room for a few more."

—The Tribune says the weather was so warm in New York city last week that the boys went in swimming.

—The Syracuse Journal states that eight hundred cases of small pox have been treated in that city since last March.

—The Fulton Patriot understands that the Midland authorities have agreed to pay the taxes assessed against it last year and they will not contest the collection of the tax this year.

PARISH.

Another Christmas and New Years have passed away, and our lives are prolonged, for what special purpose, it is beyond the power of mortal ken to tell, yet Infinite Wisdom knows, and we must bow to that will. Will our lives be purer than heretofore, our ambition stronger, and our aspirations higher? are important interrogations for us to answer. May our lives hereafter indicate that these interrogations are answered affirmatively.

Last Saturday, Dr. Ryder, a celebrated oculist, of Rochester, removed a cataract from one of the eyes of Charles Ford, Esq., of this town. Though the eye will have to be bandaged for a while, till it gets well, it is believed that Mr. Ford will recover his sight.

Mr. John Nutting of this place, has been to Albany to have his eyes operated upon by the professors in the Medical College. His eyes have been helped materially, and by proper care it is hoped he will regain his sight. At home, Dr. Todd is having charge of both Messrs. Ford and Nutting, under the direction of the oculists.

Mr. Elbert Rulison, of this town, has graduated an M. D. from the Albany Medical College. To-morrow (Tuesday) Dr. Rulison goes to Canada with a view of locating there. His friends here (and they are many) hope for him excellent success. We feel proud that we can send out from us so estimable a young man to practice the healing art. Wherever he may go he will be an ornament to the place, so far as moral integrity, diligence in business, and efforts to elevation are concerned.

The venerable Dr. White is quite feeble in health so he is not able to be about and has been confined to his house several weeks.

Last Friday evening, about 6 1/2 o'clock, as the mail train was going north on the railroad between Red Mills and the Colosse depot, some miscreant sent a stone weighing about four pounds through the passenger car window. The Superintendent being on board, the train was stopped, and an effort was made to secure the miscreant, but failed. Fortunately no one was hurt. Such miscreants should be rigorously punished.

The farmers about here are frequently troubled with apple tree agents, who, in their whole-souled generosity are willing to sell apple trees by the hundred from \$25 to \$30, delivered at the door. We fail to appreciate such generosity. We know, and we presume many grangers know, where apple trees can be purchased in this State, delivered on the cars near the nursery (good standard apple trees) from \$7.50 to \$9 per hundred, equal to those sold for from \$25 to \$30, money to accompany the order. Pear trees that are sold here for \$75 per hundred, can be obtained for \$30. Currants sold here for \$16.50 per hundred, we can get for \$4.50, and so on through the catalogue of fruits and trees.

Parish, instead of Sandy Creek, has now the County Superintendent of the Poor. We hope to excel in honesty. Uncle Daniel does not keep a lively stable, and we believe he burns Parish wood to comfort himself through the dreary winter. Parish assures her neighbors that she will not be quite so careless as some, but will exercise due watchfulness when things go wrong.

Mr. Edward Edick now puts on the ermine of Deputy Sheriff, that so long ornamented his distinguished predecessor, C. S. Talcott, Esq.

A debating society has been established in this place, and it creates considerable excitement. Many seats are ornamented by the ladies. Mr. S. N. Wright, of this town, has sent a challenge here to debate the following resolution: Resolved, That man has no conscious existence between death and the resurrection, as proven by nature, reason and the Bible. The challenge has been accepted. The debate is to take place Monday evening, Jan. 17, at the school-house in this place. Mr. Wright takes the affirmative, that man has no conscious existence, etc.

Parish, Jan. 10, 1876.

—Out-door blossoms in January—That is a queer story for this latitude, but it is true. Mr. Lambert Moss on Monday brought into this office several blossoms of dandelion which he had plucked by the roadside. They were bright and fresh as the flowers of spring, and he served this mention for their enterprise and courage.—*Fulton Times*.

—REDUCED IN SIZE.—The Phoenix Register of last week appeared reduced in size. In mentioning the fact the Register says:

"This reduction is not from necessity, but from a conviction, after a three year's trial on a larger scale, that this is as large as the enterprise of this village is willing to sustain."

Also this:—"To those subscribers who pay in advance the price will be \$1, and such as are now in advance will be so credited. To such as never pay and never intend to, it will be just as easy to owe us \$1.50 as a less sum, and the subscriptions will remain the same."

—Rev. J. P. Foster, rector of the Church of St. James, Pulaski, was the recipient of a donation last Wednesday evening, from which he realized over two hundred dollars.

—Charles Hensborough, the brakeman who was run over by the cars and terribly crushed and mangled at Sandy Creek, died Friday afternoon. He resided in Syracuse.

—The Parish Mirror says: James Redington a brother of Mrs. C. H. Ford, who has been absent twenty years, in Cal., returned and happily surprised his friends last week—none of whom knew him.

NORTH VOLNEY

The people begin to remark quite often that we never had such an open winter before. For that reason I have been consulting my diary to know about it. During the winter of 1847-8, we had no sleighing from Dec. 29 to March 7, and then for only one day, it being town meeting. January of that winter furnished only 5 inches of snow, and February 7 inches. It was splendid wakening nearly all winter.

In the winter of 1850-51, we had but little sleighing. January gave us 4 inches of snow and February 2 inches, while in March we had 19 inches. From the middle of February to the 3d of March there was no sleighing, and then only three days of it.

In January, 1858, only 4 inches of snow, while the other months gave us a good quantity. January, 1859, 14 inches and February 9 inches. You will therefore see, Mr. Editor, that we have had winters before this of not much snow.

I will now give a few months with a great amount of snow, to wit: Dec., 1868, 62 inches; 1864, 35 inches; '69 and '71, 33 inches each, and '63, 28 inches. January, 1867, 47 inches; '56, 46 inches and 1868, 45 inches. February, 1856, 61 inches; '66, 58 in., and '64, 38 in. March, 1856, 36 in.; '70, 32 in., and '73, 27 in. April, 1874, 22 in.; '57, 15 in., and '68, 10 in.

Depth of snow for a few winters: 1847-8, 4 ft., 2 in.; '48-9, 4 ft., 5 in.; '49-50, 6 ft., 2 in.; '50-51, 4 ft., 3 in.; '52-3, 5 ft., 6 in.; '57-8, 4 ft., 6 in.; '58-9, 4 ft.; '62-3, 4 ft., 5 in.; '70-71, 4 ft., 3 in.

I will now give you a few winters with the greatest amount of snow: 1855-6, 14 ft., 10 in.; '67-8, 10 ft., 8 in.; '68-9, 10 ft., 4 in.; '56-7, 10 ft., 6 in.; '74-5, 9 ft., 6 in.; '64-5, 9 ft., 4 in.; '65-6, 9 ft., 3 in.

The other winters have been between the two extremes. The coldest month that I have any record of, was January, 1857, the mean at 7 A. M. being only 6.3°.

The next coldest was Feb., 1875, at 7.2° at 7 A. M. The 3d was Feb., 1868, showing 11.2°. The warmest January since 1850, was in 1863; mean at 7 A. M., 26.5°.

The warmest February was in 1857; 28.8°. The warmest month since 1850, was July, 1863; the mean at 7 A. M., 75.5°; the 2d was July, 1866, 72.5°, and the 3d, July, 1870, 70.1°.

I think the above will answer for weather statistics for the present.

Our school is prospering finely, with over 50 pupils, under the careful instruction of Mr. L. H. Drake.

The M. E. Society, of this place, held has meetings every night the present week, and they have been well attended.

We don't have any sleighing here, and it is so long since we have had a sleigh ride, that it would bother us to remember it.

Mr. Editor, I notice that you failed to name our worthy Deputy Sheriff, of Fulton, Willis Ney. He heads the list of deputies, and should have been named first after under-Sheriff Doyle. Please correct the list.

F. W. S.
North Volney, Jan. 8th, 1875.

Meeting of Town Centennial Committee.

At a meeting of the Centennial Committee held at the office of L. D. Smith, Jan. 8th, the following officers and committee were appointed:

Recording and Corresponding Secretary, D. W. C. Peck; Treasurer, L. F. Alfred; Executive Committee, L. D. Smith, L. D. Loomis, E. H. Gillett, L. H. Conklin, Geo. A. Penfield; Committee to meet the County Committee, W. J. Menter, L. H. Conklin, Fred. Beely; Committee to write the history of the town, D. W. C. Peck, Hiram Walker.

—Because a man has nary a cent is no reason that he is a centenarian.

—The Union Glass company, of Cleveland, Oswego county, have resumed operations, with good prospects ahead.

—We are indebted to Mr. F. Waugh, of Denver, Col., for another copy of the Rocky Mountain News.

—We have now about ten inches of snow, and much to the joy of farmers and others, still it comes.

—A coat and vest were stolen from the room of H. C. Stillman at the Hamilton House, Oswego, while he was absent at church, Sunday evening.

—James R. Brown, of Pulaski, was one of a large batch of candidates admitted to the Bar of Syracuse, last week. Seven candidates were rejected.

—H. H. Tidd, whose grandfather fought the British on the 19th of April, 1775, and was in the retreat to Cambridge, lighted the centennial bonfire in Redfield.

—George Hawkins, for years a trusted servant of Robert Gordon, Oswego, has been arrested on charge of stealing property valued at \$100 from his employer.

—The Congregational church of Sandy Creek was presented with a communion service a few days ago, by the young ladies' society of the church. The funds were obtained by holding festivals.

—In the General term at Syracuse, Wednesday, Owen Lindsay was sentenced for the murder of Francis Colvin, at Baldwinsville, in the spring of 1873. The 11th of February next is the time fixed for his execution.

—Patrick Callahan, the man who fell into the vat of hot liquor in the tannery at Redfield on Christmas morning, and died the following Wednesday, was a singularly unfortunate man; as he once before fell into a vat of hot sugar which nearly resulted in his death, and at another time was seriously injured by the blowing up of a boiler.—*Sandy Creek News*.

News of the Week.

The House sub-committee on the diplomatic appropriation bill has cut down the estimate called for \$87,137.50.

It is feared that Alexander H. Stephens will not be able to take his seat in Congress this session.

In Congress, on Thursday, Senator Morrill spoke in favor of resumption, and the Senate eagerly debated the bill; Senator Morton's Committee reported that it is right to elect a new President *pro tem.*; in the House, Mr. Blaine offered an Amnesty

Facts and Fancies.

Illinois has a uniformed and equipped militia force of 3,256 men.

California's wool clip is expected to reach 50,000,000 pounds next season.

A musically inclined itinerant printer of Trenton, N. J., is styled "offen-back."

Chinese soldiers want their wages raised a cent a day.

Even the plumpiest woman has two hundred and forty bones.

An exchange suggests that bees are merchants because they sell their honey.

There are 11,333 blind men and 8,977 blind women in the United States.

Why is it no crime to pick a chromo agent's pocket? Because he has pictures.

Why is your wife like dynamite? Because she's apt to blow you up if harshly handled.

More than one-quarter of the breweries in Wisconsin have suspended for lack of patronage.

Rabbits are so thick on the lower portion of Beaver river, Utah, that no crops can be raised.

A good many New Yorkers leave the straight and narrow path to walk in the Broadway.

Are your words of more weight when you propound anything than when you announce it?

Snow sheds have been placed over the railroad tracks in the Sierras, and no fears of a blockade are felt.

The statue of Burns will be erected in Central Park this year during the Centennial festivities.

India has not a single port on the vast sea coast line between Bombay and Calcutta where a vessel could discharge her cargo at a pier.

"I solemnly promise"—words used pretty generally on New Year's. Keep promising till the sticking point is reached.

Trying to do business without advertising is like winking at a pretty girl in the dark; you may know what you are doing, but nobody else does.

A letter was received at the Norwich (Conn.) Post-office several days before Christmas, addressed in a child's hand, to "Santa Claus." It was held for postage.

The Rev. Mr. Noble, a Free Methodist preacher of Portage, Wis., has purchased a steamboat, in which he travels up and down the Wisconsin river holding revival meetings at every landing.

The London Home for Lost Dogs has kennels for four hundred. The police send all stray dogs there, and they are kept three days awaiting owners, after which they are either sold or killed.

As old Mr. heaved the last scut of four tons of coal into his cellar, he was heard to remark: "If they had been boys, instead of girls, it wouldn't have been thus. One ton would last all winter."

Proposed novelties for the Centennial are multiplying. An enterprising Texan, of an original turn of mind, is anxious to introduce bull fights as soothing entertainments for our sight-seeing visitors at the coming Centennial.

A few days since a man convicted of drunkenness stood up before his honor the police court, and his honor said in his usual way, "I'll give you \$10 or thirty days." "Well, I'll take the \$10, squire," replied the fellow.

Charles Francis Adams says, in a letter to the Quincy (Mass.) Patriot, that three-fourths of the books in brick demand at the public libraries are "vapid and sensational." He thinks that parents ought to guide the children's taste in the choice of reading more than they do.

The Rev. Mr. Shipman, of Norwich, says that he was once called upon to marry a man who was to be united to his fourth wife. As he approached the couple he said, as usual, "Please rise." The man fidgeted about on his chair, and finally remarked, "We've usually got."



A Work for the Million.
The Most Remarkable Production of the Age.
HISTORY REDUCED TO A SCIENCE.
BY PROF. F. A. EMERY.

A LARGE CHART ILLUSTRATING RELIGIOUS AND SCIENCE, their agency and operation in the Fall and Restoration of Man (Society). A scientific delineation of history, based on Mathematics and the laws of cycles or circular time, and approximating to the probable date of the Millennium, and end of the first cycle of time. Accompanied by a Manual explanatory of the Chart, briefly demonstrating the truths thereon delineated; and enlarging upon the Twelve Axioms of History.

To which is appended a brief Biography and the Philosophical Character of the Author. Price of Chart, beautifully colored, with Manual, \$2.00. Chart and Manual, plain, \$1.00. Sent by mail free on receipt of price.
Address Mrs. Prof. F. A. Emery, Publisher, Chicago, Ill.

This Chart is so original and unique that it must be seen to be appreciated.
His biographer (Dr. Woodworth, Prof. in the Am. University of Phila.) says: "These charts with his books, are really remarkable productions, especially so for a self-educated man, and he a self-made man, almost isolated from the world and cut off from its numerous advantages; but up, so to speak, within himself, and thrown entirely upon his own resources. They transcend anything known in the kind, and are unequalled by anything of the kind ever attempted by anyone."

THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

—For 1876.—

THE GREAT DEAF-MUTE PAPER!

The Acknowledged Leader OF THE Deaf-Mute Press.

The unprecedented encouragement we have received during the year from the most intelligent deaf-mutes in the country, and from gentlemen, the very leaders of the profession, stimulates us to renewed exertion, and we are determined, as far as the power within us lies, to make

We are ever on the alert for first-class additions to our list, and arrangements are now making by which we hope soon to announce

An Unequalled Corps of Contributors.

The prominent features of the year will be continued, and new ones from time to time inaugurated.

THE FOREIGN DEPARTMENT so acceptable to our better class of readers, will during the year, be exceedingly rich in varied Foreign Notes.

THE ITEMIZER. This popular column of personals, will have special and continued attention. We count much on the aid of our friends and readers to keep it supplied with fresh, interesting and new paragraphs.

We shall make the

Journal Progressive In every sense of the term, and in all respects we shall be fully up to the times. We assure our readers that all we can do shall be done to make the JOURNAL instructive and attractive.

TERMS Of the Deaf-Mutes' Journal: One copy one year, postage paid, \$1.50. One copy six months, \$1.00. (Checks in ten.)

These prices are invariable. Remit in drafts, post-office money orders, or by registered letters. Never send money in an ordinary letter.
Address, DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

OUR Illustrated Catalogues FOR 1875 OF EVERYTHING FOR THE GARDEN! (Seeds! Plants!) Implements, Fertilizers, etc. Numbering 175 pages and containing five beautiful colored plates, mailed on receipt of 10 cents. Catalogue, without plates, free to all.
Peter Henderson & Co., 35 Cortlandt St., NEW YORK.

HAVE YOU A DOLLAR?

FOR ONE DOLLAR We will send, Post-Paid,

THE WEEKLY WORLD

ONE YEAR.

1. It contains ALL THE NEWS of the past seven days, collected by the agents and correspondents of the New York Daily World, and in fullness, accuracy and enterprise in this respect is unequalled.
2. Its AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT contains the latest news of farm experiments at home and abroad, contributions by home and foreign writers, reports of the Farmers' Club of the American Institute, and quotations of valuable and interesting articles appearing in the agricultural weeklies and magazines.
3. Its GRANGE NEWS, to which attention is specially called, is a feature which can be found in no other paper. All the resources at the command of a great metropolitan daily newspaper are employed in its collection, and the result is a page each week where the members may find a complete record of the work of the order in every State in the Union for the past seven days. In addition to this weekly record, The World gives the cream of all the local grange papers in every State. This department is and will continue to be under the charge of one of the active members of the order.
4. For the FIRESIDE DEPARTMENT, in addition to its other attractions, such as poetry, miscellany, humorous extracts, &c., during the coming year, there will be not less than one hundred short tales by the best writers of fiction in England and America.
5. The MARKET REPORTS, brought down to the hour of publication, are the best that can be made. Each market is reported by one whose special knowledge and training make him the best authority upon that subject in the United States. For accuracy and completeness the market reports of The World are unrivalled.

"The World is not only the best but the cheapest newspaper ever offered the farmer."
Semi-Weekly, 104 Nos., \$2 a year. Daily, 212 Nos., \$10 per year.
Specimen copies sent upon application.
7-6 Address "THE WORLD," 35 Park Row, New York.

YOUR HORSE

Needs a New Harness.
YOUR HORSE Needs a New Blanket.
YOUR HORSE Needs Many Things.
Such as Halters, Collars, Surcingles, &c., to make him useful, comfortable, safe and ornamental, and the place where your money has the most purchasing power is at

PRUYN'S OLD STAND, WHICH FACT, if any one doubts, an examination of goods and prices will not fail to convince.

Please Take Notice. I use the BEST STOCK. I warrant all my work and

Will not be Undersold. Particular attention paid to repairing, robe lining, &c., &c. Don't fail to look at goods and prices at Pruyn's before purchasing.
Mexico, Dec. 1, 1875. 5-ly

IT IS A FACT Universally conceded that

John Ould Has now the best-selected and cheapest stock of Ready - Made CLOTHING Ever offered in Oswego, which he is selling at

Astonishingly low Prices.

LOOK AT THIS!

Overcoats, \$3.75, 6.00, 8.00, 10.00.

Good Working Suits, \$3.00, 5.00, 10.00.

Youths' Suits, \$5.50, 6.00, 7.00, 8.00.

Boys' Suits, \$4.50, 5.00, 5.50, 6.00.

Boys' Overcoats, \$2.75, 3.25, 3.75, 5.00.

VESTS 75 Cents and Upwards.

My stock of

Pants is Immense, From \$1.00 Upwards.

In Furnishing Goods

I have the best selected stock ever before offered in this market, which I will sell at BOTTOM PRICES.

My entire stock is marked down to suit the hard times, and to meet the wants of all. All Goods marked in Plain Figures, at the Leading One Price Clothing House of

JOHN OULD, Cor. West 1st & Bridge Sts., OSWEGO, N. Y. Oswego, Dec. 1, 1875.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—That by virtue of an execution issued out of the County Court, and to me directed, against the property of Ambrose Gowdy, I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder, at the law office of Geo. W. Bradner, in the village of Mexico, on the 19th day of February, 1876, at one o'clock P. M., the following described premises, to wit: All that tract or parcel of land situated in the town of Richland, County of Oswego, and State of New York, being part of lot No. 56 of the 21st township of Scriba's Patent, known and described as follows: to wit: Beginning at the centre of a highway leading through Daysville, said highway running east and west, thence north one hundred feet along the east line of the Rome and Oswego Railroad, to land owned by W. H. Henderson, thence east fifty feet to land owned by Ellen Stinson, thence south to center of said highway, thence along the centre of said highway to the place of beginning, containing five hundred square feet of land, the same more or less.—Dated Mexico, Jan. 2, 1876.

H. H. LYMAN, Sheriff. Per W. H. THOMPSON, Deputy Sheriff.

NEW ADVERTISEMENTS.

MARYLAND-MARYLAND FARMS FOR SALE!

Homes, in tracts of 10 to 200 acres, may be made with us at cost of purchase—from \$15 to \$50 per acre. Near good markets; railroad facilities ample; soil excellent; water soft and good, and the CLIMATE SUPERIOR. Why go West? For circular, address E. R. BURNETT, Henederson, Maryland and Delaware, R. R., Md.

YOUNG MEN wanted to learn telegraphing and take offices on new lines which we are furnishing with operators. Salary from \$40 to \$100 a month and steady promotion. Particulars mailed free. Address N. W. TELEGRAPH INSTITUTE, Janesville, Wis.

VEGETINE

WILL CURE

Scrofula.

Serofulous Humor.

VEGETINE will eradicate from the system every taint of Scrofula and Serofulous Humor. It has permanently cured thousands in Boston and vicinity who had been long and painful sufferers.

Cancer, Cancerous Humor.

The Marvellous effect of VEGETINE in case of Cancer and Cancerous Humor cannot be more profoundly attested than the medical faculty, many of whom are prescribing VEGETINE to their patients.

Canker.

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inextinguishable case of Canker.

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The VEGETINE meets with wonderful success in the cure of this class of diseases.

Pain in the Bones.

In this complaint the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it removes from the system the producing cause.

Salt Rheum.

Tetter, Salt Rheum, Head-ache, &c., will certainly yield to the great alterative effects of VEGETINE.

Erysipelas.

VEGETINE has never failed to cure the most inveterate cases of Erysipelas.

Pimples and Humors on the Face.

Reason should teach us that blotchy, rough or pimply skin depends entirely upon an internal cause, and no outward application can ever cure the defect. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

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Are caused by an impure state of the blood. Cleanse the blood thoroughly with VEGETINE, and the complaints will disappear.

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For this complaint the only substantial benefit can be obtained through the blood. VEGETINE is the great blood purifier.

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VEGETINE does not act as a cathartic to debilitate the bowels, but cleanses all the organs, enabling each to perform the functions devolving upon them.

Piles.

VEGETINE has restored thousands to health who had been long and painful sufferers.

Dyspepsia.

If VEGETINE is taken regularly, according to directions, a certain and speedy cure will follow its use.

Faintness at the Stomach.

VEGETINE is not a stimulating bitter which creates a feebly appetite, but a gentle tonic, which assists nature to restore the stomach to a healthy action.

Female Weakness.

VEGETINE acts directly upon the causes of these complaints. It invigorates and strengthens the whole system, acts upon the secretory organs and allays inflammation.

General Debility.

In this complaint the good effects of the VEGETINE are realized immediately after commencing to take it; as debility denotes deficiency of the blood, and VEGETINE acts directly upon the blood.

Vegetine is Sold by all Druggists.



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A. S. GIBSON

Has purchased the stock of Furniture lately owned by HOMER BALLARD, and having made great additions thereto, has now a large and splendid stock, which he is selling at

Greatly Reduced Prices,

He keeps on hand everything in the

Furniture

AND

Upholstery

LINE.

Particular attention paid to

PICTURE FRAMES.

REPAIRING

Done neatly and promptly.

Give me a call, examine my goods and learn my prices, before purchasing elsewhere.

A. S. GIBSON, Main Street.

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Draws on the 30th of each month. By authority of Legislature.

\$275 000 in Cash Prizes. 1 Chance in 5, Tickets \$1 each.

or 10 for \$5, leaving \$5 to be deducted from the prizes after the drawing. Full particulars sent free.

Address 30-3m J. M. PATTEE, Laramie City, Wyoming.

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Farmers and Shippers will find it to their advantage to have their produce, such as Butter, Cheese, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Hops, Beans, Green and Dried Fruits, Potatoes, Grain, &c., sent to the reliable house of J. Palmer Strong, Commission Merchant, 461 Greenwich St., N. Y. Cash advances made on consignments. Five per cent discount on prompt payment. Marking plate and price list sent free.

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are the best the world produces. They are planted by a million people in America, and the result is beautiful Flowers and splendid Vegetables. A Priced Catalogue sent free to all who enclose the postage—a cent stamp.

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is the most beautiful work of the kind in the world. It contains nearly 100 pages, hundreds of fine illustrations, and four Chromo Plates of Flowers, beautifully drawn and colored from nature. Price 35 cts., in paper covers; 65 cts. bound in elegant cloth.

Vick's Floral Guide.

This is a beautiful Quarterly Journal, finely illustrated, and containing an elegant collection of Frontispiece with the first number. Price only 25 cts., for the year. The first No. for 1876 just issued. Address JAMES VICK, Rochester, N. Y.

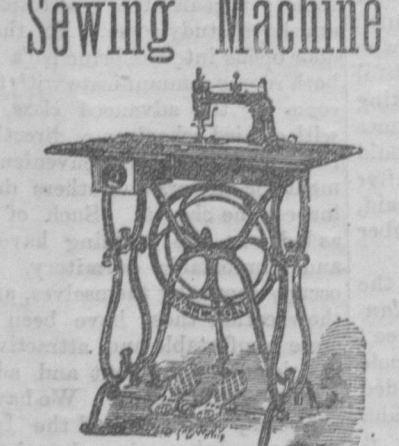
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The Highest Premium was awarded to it at

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and Georgia State Fair;

FOR BEING THE

BEST SEWING MACHINES,

and doing the largest and best

range of work. All other

Machines in the Market

were in direct

COMPETITION!!

For Hemming, Fell-

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or heavy goods it is

unsurpassed.

Where we have no Agents

we will deliver a Machine

for the price named above,

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Station of Purchasers.

Needles for all Sewing Ma-

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Old Machines taken in Exchange.

Send for Circulars, Price

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ADDRESS,

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163 Water Street OSWEGO, N. Y.

Ayer's Cathartic Pills.

For the relief and cure of all ailments of the bowels, liver, and stomach. They are a mild aperient, and give a healthy action to the system, without purging or causing any other ill effects. Much serious sickness and suffering is prevented by their timely use, and every family should have them on hand for their protection and relief, when required. Long experience has proved them to be the safest, surest, and best of all the Pills with which the system can be treated, and their occasional use, when the blood is purified, the corruptions of the system expelled, the obstructions removed, and the whole machinery of life restored to its healthy activity. Internal organs which become clogged and sluggish are cleared, and the system is stimulated into action. This important change is changed into health, the value of which change, when reckoned as the result of the Pills, and the health of the system, can hardly be computed. Their sugar coating makes them pleasant to take, and preserves the virtues unimpaired for any length of time, so that they are ever fresh, and perfectly reliable. Although searching, they are not harsh, and operate without disturbance to the constitution, or diet, or occupation. Full directions are given on the wrapper to each box, how to use them as a Family Physic, and for the following complaints, which these Pills rapidly cure:

For Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Flatulency, Acidity, and Loss of Appetite, they should be taken moderately to stimulate the stomach, and restore its healthy tone and action.